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For the Sailor's Magazine.

Sailor's Homes.

As your readers may not fully appreciate the great influence exerted by Sailor's Homes over seamen, for their physical and spiritual good, and the intimate connection these Institutions have with the spread of the gospel, we would add a few words by way of information and of encouragement to those whose hearts are interested in this good work.

The time was when the seafaring man was regarded by many as a cast-away! as almost beyond the pale of moral influences. The grogshop was the only home for the sailor while on shore; as soon as he set his foot on land he was beset with rum-sellers, who, under the garb of friendship, decoyed him away from his ship, corrupted his morals, pampered his appetites and inflamed his passions, until, intoxicated, he no longer cared for himself, but fell an easy prey into their hands; and when he awoke, if indeed he survived the shock of dissipation, he found himself on ship-board, bound he knew not where, stripped of all his hard-earned wages and his best clothes. His landlord had robbed him of all, but there was no redress. But what better things had he to hope for in the port to which he was bound? There were no Sailor's Homes then, no temperance boarding-houses—so enormous were the profits on rum that no temperance man could compete with the rumseller—to him it was nearly all profit. The poor ine-

briate which he had just sent off in a cart drunk to a ship, had eaten nothing since he came on shore. And so rapacious and so powerful were these rumselling tribes that they were not satisfied with all that the poor sailor had; they must have all he could earn for a month to come, and double that amount if the voyage were to be a long one. At this exorbitant demand ship-masters and ship-owners at first demurred, but the opposition was too powerful; they were compelled to succumb, and we are sorry to record the fact that ship-masters and ship-owners have been compelled to submit to this galling yoke from that day to this. Under these contaminating and destructive influences on shore, together with the hardships and perils at sea, the average life of seamen could not be otherwise than short; and that life was, generally, almost one continued scene of wrongs inflicted—of dissipation, sufferings and remorse endured, and followed by a death clouded by despair—without a hope of heaven!

Thus generation after generation these men were rapidly passing from time uncared for, until christian sympathy was aroused—temperance meetings were held—places of religious worship were opened—the Bethel Flag began to wave in every port—the word of God was faithfully preached and many were benefited and blessed. But it was soon seen by the light that the Gospel sheds around it that the temperance pledge

and even the sweet tones of the Gospel, would be comparatively powerless upon the great mass of seamen so long as they remained under the influence of rum-selling boarding-houses. Appeals were made to the public for funds to establish respectable boarding-houses for seamen upon strictly temperance principles, where they might be brought under a wholesome influence—their wants supplied, and their minds and feelings cultivated—where they might be shielded from the sneers of the wicked and the snares of the destroyer. These appeals were cheerfully responded to, and some of our citizens of Boston and New York, who were engaged in commerce, moved forward nobly in this matter.

Sailor's Homes were established in some of our principal cities; and no doubt history will record the fact, and point to the establishment of Sailor's Homes as one of the distinctive features of that benevolence which characterised the nineteenth century. And although the names of many who were actively engaged in the promotion of this great enterprise may not be recorded on earth, they will be found upon the records of heaven as the benefactors of their fellow-men! The good influence of these institutions far exceeded the expectations of the friends of the cause. Thousands of seamen, and mostly young men, too, whose characters could be moulded and elevated, availed themselves of the quiet and comfort, and the wholesome moral influence that pervaded these institutions. True, Sailor's Homes have had much to contend against, and pecuniary aid has been necessary for their continuance and prosperity; but their influence has been constantly on the increase. No intelligent person can visit any of these institutions without being struck with their adaptedness to the wants of seafaring men. For example, let him visit the Sailor's Home, in New York, which has been under the judicious management of Captain Richardson for the

last seven years. There he will find a spacious and well furnished house, capable of accommodating three hundred men—with fine airy halls—a large reading-room, well stored with Bibles, religious books and papers, and a tastefully arranged museum for the amusement of the boarders. Also, a long dining-hall, with well-furnished tables. But it is in the religious arrangements of the house that the influence of the pious superintendent, Captain Richardson and his excellent lady, is most observable. At the well-known sound of the morning and evening prayer-bell, all assemble around one common altar, and generally a goodly number of sailors, to hear the word of God read, join in a song of praise, and bow in prayer. The whole aspect of the house is as cheerful and as quiet as a private boarding-house. No compulsion whatever seems to be necessary.

On every Wednesday evening all are assembled in temperance meeting, when addresses are made, and most frequently by sailors themselves. Many thousand names have been obtained to the pledge since the Home has been opened—all are invited to assemble again on every Saturday evening for prayer and conference. It would do any christian heart good to attend these meetings and hear the sons of the ocean pray and tell what the Lord has done for their souls. All these means of grace are continued from week to week, and from year to year. What a powerful influence must be exerted over the hearts and lives of the four thousand seamen who annually find in that single institution a safe retreat from corrupting influences, and how powerful must be the good influence of these seamen again over their shipmates in every vessel on which they ship, and in every port in the world! Add to this the influence exerted by other Sailor's Homes, for they are all conducted upon the same principles, and substantially in the same manner, and what a delightful aspect it presents to the mind—what untold miseries have been prevented,

and how much has been added to the sum of human happiness!—how great the number which have been led to attend the Bethel churches to hear the gospel, and how many have been savingly converted to God! There are already a goodly number of pious sailors, officers and captains traversing the great deep, and they cheer the hearts and strengthen the hands of missionaries and chaplains in every port they enter, and how many thousand dollars of the sailors' hard earnings have been saved from dissipation and deposited in the Savings Bank, or sent in small sums from the Sailor's Homes to needy relatives! A thousand hearts of widowed mothers have been made to sing for joy! But this is not all. This moral training has been of immense importance to commerce. What an advantage to ship-owners and underwriters to have their ships and valuable cargoes in charge of sober, conscientious men! And that a vast amount of property as well as human life has already been saved through the instrumentality of these men cannot be denied. These facts establish beyond a doubt that the utility of Sailor's Homes is no longer an experiment,—that these institutions are indispensable in the work of reforming and elevating seamen.

Although much has been done to establish Sailor's Homes in some of our seaports, yet the work is only begun. There are nearly two hundred thousand American seamen to be provided for. In many of our southern ports little or nothing has been done, and in others a few self-denying spirits are endeavoring to do what ought to be done by the combined efforts of all engaged in commerce or who share in the products of the sailor's toils. Many of these ports are rife with all the corrupting influences that existed twenty years ago, together with all the rascality that has since been invented, and hundreds of our seamen are annually being ruined, and even not a few who were partially reclaimed in the homes at Boston, New York or elsewhere, have there fallen a prey

to the destroyer. The question then naturally arises, where does the responsibility of providing suitable homes for seamen in these ports rest? It does not rest with the sailor or himself, for from the very nature of his occupation he cannot provide for himself a home in the various ports he enters, even if he were so disposed. The responsibility therefore of providing suitable homes rests upon those whom the sailor serves, and justice—yes, the common principles of honesty and honor demand it at their hands. It should not be looked upon as a charity! If it is necessary for a class of men to be isolated from the world, as it were, and to be deprived of almost every social blessing and comfort enjoyed by society, and to brave the dangers of the deep in order to carry on the commerce of the world, it is clearly the imperative duty of all who share in the profits or luxuries of commerce, to provide amply for their wants. The soldier who enlists in the army to repel a common enemy, receives not only his stipulated wages, but is otherwise provided for.

His quarters are found him. He has a home provided, and when the term of his service expires he receives his land warrant and the gratitude of his countrymen, and if he has been wounded in the service, a pension for life. This is right and no more than right; and why should not the sailor be cared for upon the same principle? He undergoes great deprivations and hardships, lives much of his life on salt beef and dry biscuit, toils by night and by day in all weathers—takes away our immense exports and brings back valuable cargoes and luxuries from other climes—builds and ornaments our cities, and enriches our citizens, and after all, what remuneration does he get? He lives poor, toils hard, and dies in sailor clothes and is buried in them; and shall he not have a Home while in port? Let those who are benefited by his toils take hold of this work cheerfully, and establish good Homes for the sailor in all our ports, and they will be richly

rewarded for their labor. Ship-owners and underwriters will be the richest sharers in the rewards of wealth. The irksome custom of "*Month's advance*" which has so long been a snare to the sailor and an annoyance to the merchant, will be speedily abolished, and commerce would move on with renewed vigor. But to the christian there are other inducements to engage heartily in this work. The different branches of the church of Christ have been laboring long and expending much for the conversion of the world, but have overlooked in a great measure one of the most important means that God has placed in their hands for the accomplishment of that great object. Why has God placed the commerce of the world principally in the hands of christian nations?

And why has he in his providence called a class of men to go down to the sea in ships so peculiarly constituted as seafaring men are? That noble-hearted but adventurous, daring, reckless boy will go to sea;—why does he differ from other boys who will not go to sea? God has made him so. He has a passion for the sea, and a mother's entreaties and tears will not prevent him. None other go and remain sailors but such. He rushes out to sea with dauntless courage and battles the mighty elements with perseverance and fortitude. Corrupt him, and there are no bounds to his wickedness; but let him be converted, and you find in him the right elements of a good missionary. His deep and ever-moving emotions of soul—his perseverance and dauntless spirit, eminently qualify him for an efficient missionary. He now becomes a missionary for life, and without charge to the church. He asks for no salary: all he wants is an opportunity to hold up the blessed truths of the gospel in the fore-castle and on shore, and that he will have. Why then will not the people of God do more for the conversion of seamen? Has any field of christian enterprise yielded a richer harvest, in proportion to the labor bestowed, or

given greater promise for the conversion of the world than this? Let Sailor's Homes be established in every port and liberally provided for, as the commencement and foundation of this great work. We have no sympathy with that stinted liberality which would compel Sailor's Homes to be self-supporting establishments. This, it is true, would be very desirable, if the same amount of good could be done to that class of men which Sailor's Homes are designed to benefit. But frequently this cannot be done. It should be remembered that the receipts of Sailor's Homes fall very far short of the receipts of rum-selling establishments, where nearly all is profit. Liberal appropriations should be made and placed in the hands of right men, to be judiciously expended to meet the wants of the sailor. When seamen are thus provided for, they will be willing to hear the Gospel. Then let the Gospel be faithfully preached, and we may look for great results. If sailors generally were converted men we might look for the speedy conversion of the world to God. They would go through the world like currents of vital air. Their influence would be felt in every land—Zion would be enlarged and converts would flock as clouds and as doves to her borders, for the ships of Tarshish would be first to bring her sons from far. She would be encouraged by the sweet words of prophecy, "Arise and shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." "Then shalt thou see and flow together and thine heart shall fear and be enlarged; because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, and the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee."

A. McG*****.

A FLOWER, FRAGRANT, BEAUTIFUL, & FAIR.—If there be one flower that has survived the fall, fragrant with the aroma of Eden, beautiful and fair, it is the joy that one feels when one has done good.

Dreadful Suffering at Sea.

We have received a letter from Capt. Hosmer, late master of the whaling barque Janet, of Westport, furnishing an account of the privations and sufferings of a boat's crew belonging to the Janet, comprising the captain and five others, which is almost without parallel in the annals of the whale fishery. It is substantially as follows :

On the coast of Peru, 23d June, 1849, in latitude 3 degrees N., longitude 104 W., while cruising for whales, a shoal of sperm whales appeared in sight from the Janet, and three boats lowered in pursuit. Capt. Hosmer's boats crew consisted of himself, Francis Hawkins, 3d mate ; Edward H. Charlez, Joseph Cortez, Daniel Thompson, and Jas. Fairman, seamen. It blowing fresh at the time the boats soon separated, each having made fast to a whale. After Capt. Hosmer had succeeded in "turning up" his whale and was towing him to the ship, from some inadvertence on the part of the 3d mate in putting about, the boat capsized, with loss of boat keg, lantern-keg, boat-bucket, compass, paddles, &c. The crew succeeded in righting the boat, and lashed the oars to the thwarts across the boat to prevent her from overturning, she being filled with water, and the sea continually breaking over her.

Two waifs, or flags, were immediately set as a signal of distress, the other two boats being in sight at a distance of about one and a half miles. Capt. H. saw the other two boats take their whales alongside of the barque, which was then kept off in the direction for his boat, but to his surprise and horror, when within about one mile of him they kept off on another course until sundown. The crew of the captain's boat then got on to the whale alongside and tried to bail the boat, but could not succeed. They then cut the line attached to the whale, and succeeded in setting some pieces of the boat-sail and steered towards the barque, then about

three miles distant. During the night they saw a light at intervals, but in the morning the barque was at about the same distance off. Every expedient was resorted to by making signals to attract the attention of those on board the barque, but in vain. Saw them cutting in the whales, and apparently indifferent to the fate of their comrades. In this perilous condition the unfortunate boat's crew made another attempt to bail the water from the boat, but owing to their consternation they did not succeed. They then continued on their course as before, hoping to regain the barque, but soon found that she receded from them, and it was then determined to put about to the wind and remain, whatever the consequences might be. On the second morning, the weather being more favorable, all the whale craft was thrown overboard, and another attempt was made to bail the boat, which resulted in the loss of one man and without accomplishing the purpose. The effort was again renewed in the afternoon, the weather being yet more favorable, and they finally succeeded in freeing the boat from water, but with the loss of another of her crew ;—all on board having been up to their arms in the water during the last 48 hours. Two of the survivors were seized with delirium ; all of them having been without a morsel of food or drink, and suffering painfully from thirst. Thus disabled, no one on board being able to ply at the oars, and with only a small fragment of the boat's sail remaining, it was determined to make for Cocos Island, on the Peruvian coast, a distance of about one thousand miles, as the nearest land. Accordingly the piece of the sail was used to the best advantage, and the ceiling of the boat was torn up and also employed as a wind propeller, and steering in a north-easterly direction. Capt. H. writes nothing occurred worthy of remark until the seventh day, the crew having in the meantime been without a particle of food or drink, and not a drop of

rain having fallen. In this dreadful state of suffering it was mutually agreed to cast lots as to which of the number should be sacrificed to prolong the lives of his companions, and the unfortunate victim upon whom the lot fell met his fate with perfect resignation and willingness. At the close of the day a shower of rain proved a very great additional relief. Being without compass or instruments of any kind, Capt. H. was compelled to rely entirely upon his judgment respecting the course, aided only by an occasional glimpse of the North Star and the rolling swell of the sea from the south. On the eighth day, another of the number died from exhaustion. It was found necessary to pursue a more northerly course in the hope of rain, none having fallen during the last four days. On the next day were favored with another shower, and this benefaction was followed by the remarkable circumstance of a dolphin leaping from among its finny companions directly into the boat. Several birds also approached so near to the boat as to fall a prey to the necessities of the crew, administering greatly to their relief. On the 13th of July, land was discovered in an easterly direction, which proved to be Cocos Island, (uninhabited,) lying lat. 5 degrees 27 min. N., lon. 87 15.

Capt. H. and the other survivors succeeded in reaching it, but in an almost helpless condition. They however, secured a pig, and drank its blood, which revived their exhausted strength, and also obtained a plentiful supply of birds and fresh water. After remaining two days upon the island they were overjoyed by witnessing the approach of a boat, which proved to belong to the ship *Leonidas*, whaler, Capt. Swift, of this port, then lying in Chatham Bay, for the purpose of procuring wood and water, and were relieved from their dreadful sufferings by being taken on board the ship and treated with every possible attention and kindness.

The names of those who perish-

ed on board the boat, are Francis Hawkins, 3d mate, of *Augusta*, Me.; James Fairman, seaman, of Ohio; Henry Thompson, seaman, of Philadelphia, Pa.; E. Henry Charlez, place of residence unknown.

Capt. Hosmer renders his grateful acknowledgments to Capt. Swift, of the *Leonidas*, and also to Capt. Cleaveland, of barque *Valparaiso*, of this port, for their prompt and generous efforts in administering to the relief of himself and his companion. Capt. H. arrived at Payta, August 21st, from which place his letter to us is dated.

We have also been favored with an extract of a letter from James A. Crowell, late first mate of the *Janet*, to Henry Wilcox, owners' agent, in Westport, dated at Payta, Aug. 1st. Mr. Crowell, after mentioning the fact of the three boats putting off for whales as above stated, adds:—"At 3 P. M., I had my whale alongside, and soon the ship came to me, and when I got on board there was but one boat in sight, and that was five miles to the leeward of the ship. I went down to it with the ship, and found that it was the 2d mate's boat. He had seen Capt. H. two hours previously fast to a whale, and went to the leeward of him when last seen from his boat. We proceeded in the direction in which the captain's boat had been seen, and lay too all night with all sails set, and with all our lights fixed. In the morning saw nothing of the boat. We cruised three days, but unfortunately without meeting any trace of her. In the meantime four of our hands were sick from fatigue, and we were under the necessity of making the best of our way to this port, (Payta).

We had taken 100 bbls. of oil for the last ten days previously, and lost 200 bbls. during the same time by losing lines. I expect the captain's boat was taken down by a foul line, as he had a new line in his boat coiled two days previous to the accident. We saved one whale the day the accident happened, and lost another that night.

The Skilful Pilot.

Several years since, at a small seaport in Massachusetts, one of those easterly storms came on which so often prove fatal to vessels and their crews on that coast. The wind had blown strongly from the north-east for a day or two, and as it increased to a gale, fears were entertained for the safety of a fine ship, which had been, from the commencement of the north-easter, lying off and on in the bay, apparently without any decision on the part of her officers which way to direct her course, and who had once or twice refused the offer of a pilot.

On the morning of a Sabbath, many an old weather-beaten tar was seen standing on the highest point of land in the place, looking anxiously at her through his glass; and the mothers listened with trembling to his remarks on the apparently doomed vessel. She was completely land-locked, as the sailors say; that is, surrounded by land, except in the direction from which the wind blew; as between her and the shore extensive sandbanks intervened, her destruction was inevitable, unless she could make the harbor.

At length, a number of resolute men, perfectly acquainted with the intricate navigation of the bay and harbor, put off in a small schooner, determined, if possible, to bring her into port. A tremendous sea was rolling in the bay, and as the little vessel made her way out of the harbor, the scene became one of deep and exciting interest. Now, lifted up on the top of a dark wave, she seemed trembling on the verge of destruction; then, plunging into the deep trough of the sea, was lost from our view,—not even the tops of her masts being visible, though probably twenty feet high; a landsman would have exclaimed, “She is gone to the bottom.” Thus alternately rising and sinking, she at length reached the ship, hailed, and tendered a pilot, which was again refused.

Irritated by the refusal, the skipper put his little vessel about, and stood in for the harbor, when a gun was discharged from the laboring vessel, and the signal for a pilot run up to her mast-head. The schooner was laid to the wind, and as the ship came up she was directed to follow in their wake, until within range of the light-house, where another sea would allow them to run alongside and put a pilot on board. In a few minutes the vessels came side to side, passing each other; the pilot, springing into the ship’s chains, was soon upon deck—the mysterious movements of the vessel were explained: she had taken a pilot some days before, who was ignorant of his duty; and the crew, aware of his incompetency, were almost in a state of mutiny; when first hailed from the schooner, the captain was below, but hearing the false pilot return the hail, went upon deck, and deposing him of his trust, at once reversed his answer by firing the signal gun. The new pilot having made the necessary inquiries about working the ship, requested the captain and his trustiest man to take the wheel, gave orders for the stations of the men, and charged the captain, *on the peril of his ship, not to change her course a hand’s breadth, but by his order.* His port and bearing were those of a man confident in his knowledge and ability to save the vessel; and as the sailors whispered to each other, it was evident that confidence and hope were reviving within them.

All the canvas she could bear was now spread to the gale, and while the silence of death reigned on board, she took her way on the larboard tack, directly towards the foaming breakers. On, on she flew, until it seemed, from her proximity to those breakers, that her destruction was inevitable.

“Shall I put her about?” shouted the captain, in tones indicative of intense excitement.

“Steady!” was the calm reply of the pilot, when the sea was boiling like a cauldron under her bows.

In another moment, the same calm, bold voice pronounced the order, "About ship," and she turned her head from the breakers and stood boldly off on the other tack.

"He knows what he is about," said the captain to the man at his side; "He is an old salt—a sailor every yarn of him," was the language of the seamen one to another, and the trembling passengers began to hope.

The ship now neared two sunken rocks, the places of which were marked by the angry breaking and boiling of the sea; and as she seemed driving directly on them, "Full and steady!" was pronounced in tones of calm authority by the pilot, who stood with folded arms in the ship's bows, the water drenching him completely as it broke over her bulwarks: she passed safely between them; the order for turning on the other tack was now given, and again she stood towards the fearful breakers: nearer and nearer she came, and still no order from the pilot, who stood like a statue, calm and unmoved amidst the raging elements. The vessel labored hard, as the broken, foaming waves roared about her, and seemed just on the verge of striking, when—

"About ship!" in a voice like thunder, rose above the fury of the tempest: again she stood upon the starboard tack, and soon entered the harbor, and cast anchor in safety. One hour later she could not have been rescued; for by the time she reached her anchorage, no vessel could have carried a rag of sail in the open bay; ship, crew and passengers, more than 100 in all, must have perished.

When the order was given to "back the fore-top sail and let go the anchor," a scene ensued which baffles the description of a painter or a poet. The captain sprung from the wheel and caught the pilot in his arms—the sailors and passengers crowded around—some hung upon his neck, others embraced his knees, and tears streamed down the faces of old seamen who had weathered many a storm and braved

untold dangers—all were pressing forward, if only to grasp the hand of their deliverer, in token of gratitude. He freely acknowledged the deliverance which had been wrought, but with the same calm confidence which distinguished him in danger, pointed upwards to the source of his strength, the only object worthy of their gratitude and praise.

Let us read in this tale a beautiful illustration of the character and power of true *faith*, and, applying it to spiritual things, see how clear, forcible and complete is the assertion of the apostle Paul, when he says, "By faith are ye saved."

The ship's crew had *faith* in their pilot. He came out of the very harbor into which they sought entrance—of course *he knew* the way. Their faith amounted to *confidence*. They gave up the ship to his direction—it was an *obedient confidence*. They did not say, "He will save us," and sit down indolently and neglect his orders: *the helm was turned, the sails were trimmed, and every rope loosened or tightened, AS HE DIRECTED; nor did they disobey, though sometimes apparently rushing into the jaws of destruction!*—The result is known.

Mariner's Church, New York.

FROM REV. I. R. STEWARD, PASTOR.

Our reports from abroad have been very cheering. One sailor brother writes from the place to which he has removed in Illinois, that he had organized a Sabbath school of 70 scholars. Previously, there was no Baptist meetings in the place. Another writes from Illinois, that he had gone home to make his friends a visit and while he had been laboring among them, the Lord had given him a precious harvest; 25 had been baptized and added to the little church. At a later date, he says, the number baptized has increased to 40, and the work is still going on, and the church have concluded to try and sustain a minister. This mis-

sionary brother charged us nothing for his labor, but sent us \$6 to pay for the privilege. In our last, we informed you that through the influence of one of our sailors a Baptist church has been organized in Sweden. It then numbered 7 members. Since then I have received communications from brother Nelson, who has been regularly ordained by brother Oncken and his associates, as its pastor, and he had baptized till the number had increased to 35. He also suggested to us the importance of appointing another sailor missionary to assist him in laboring among seamen and landsmen in Gottenburg.

We have licensed one of our brethren to preach the Gospel, after having given perfect satisfaction to the church that he was called to the work, and sent him out to preach in Denmark, his native land. His farewell text was, "Go home and tell thy friends how great things the Lord hath done for thee." Capt. Hamlin being present when he told his exercises, kindly offered to give him his passage. Our little band raised in their poverty about \$25 to fit him out with books, &c., for his mission, and have encouraged him to expect that we will sustain him with such support as he will need when he gets into his field.

An Indian's Gift to Christ.

In a portion of the southern territory from which the red man has now been driven, I once attended a large protracted meeting held in the wild forest. The theme on which the preacher dwelt, and which he illustrated with surpassing beauty and grandeur, was "Christ and him crucified." He spoke of the good Shepherd who came into the world to seek and to save the lost. He told how this Saviour met the rude buffetings of the heartless soldiers. He drew a picture of Gethsemane and the unbefriended stranger who wept there. He pointed to Him as he hung bleeding upon the cross.

The congregation wept. Soon

there was a slight movement in the assembly, and a tall son of the forest, with tears on his red cheeks, approached the pulpit and said,— "Did Jesus die for me—die for poor Indian? Me have no lands to give to Jesus, the white man take them away; me give him my dog, and my rifle." The minister told him Jesus could not accept those gifts. "Me give Jesus my dog, my rifle, and my blanket; poor Indian, he got no more to give—he give Jesus all." The minister replied that Christ could not accept them. The poor, ignorant, but generous child of the forest bent his head in sorrow and meditated. He raised his noble brow once more, and fixed his eye on the preacher, while he sobbed out,— "*Here is poor Indian, will Jesus have him?*" A thrill of unutterable joy ran through the souls of minister and people as this fierce son of the forest now sat, in his right mind, at the feet of Jesus. The Spirit had done his work, and he who had been so poor, received the earnest of an inheritance which will not fade when the diadems of earth shall have mouldered forever.

A Striking Illustration.

A company of individuals united themselves together in a mutual benefit association. The Blacksmith comes and says, "Gentlemen, I wish to become a member of your association." "Well, what can you do?" "Oh, I can shoe your horses, iron your carriages, and make all kinds of iron implements." "Very well, come in, Mr. Blacksmith." The Mason applies for admission into the society. "And what can you do, Mr. Mason?" "Oh, I can build your barns and houses, and stables and bridges." "Very well, come in, we can't do without you." Along comes the Shoe-maker, and says, "I wish to become a member of your society." "Well, and what can you do?" "I can make shoes and boots for you." "Come in, Mr. Shoe-maker, we must have you."

So, in turn, apply all the different trades and professions, till lastly an individual comes and wants to become a member. "And what are you?" "I am a Rum-seller."—"A Rum-seller! and what can you do?" "I can build jails, and prisons, and poor-houses." "And is that all?" "No, I can fill them; I can fill your jails with criminals, your prisons with convicts, and your poor-houses with paupers." "And what else can you do?"—"I can bring the gray hairs of the aged to the grave with sorrow; I can break the heart of the wife, and blast the prospects of the friends of talent, and fill your land with more than the plagues of Egypt." "Is that all you can do?" "Good Heavens!" cries the rum-seller, "is not that enough?"

A Race for Life.

Presence of mind is a life preserver, which, although never patented, is not yet to be possessed by all men. Presence of mind is the power of maintaining the operations of reason in the midst of danger, and against the assaults of fear and surprise. It is invaluable to the possessor as a personal safeguard, and gives him the power to protect the lives of many of his fellow men.

As an instance of this latter power we will relate a little incident told to us by one who has seen much of the world in various lands. He was at a port in the West Indies. With two friends he went down to bathe. While he remained upon the shore, and his companions were sporting with the waves at a considerable distance, he espied an enormous shark making straight for the unconscious swimmers. The first impulse of a hasty and inconsiderate person would have been to alarm the bathers by loud outcries of danger. But our friend knew that such a course would, by frightening them, deprive his companions of all power of escape. He therefore preserved his unconcern-

ed appearance, and playfully shouted to them, bantered them for a race, and to increase the rivalry between them, promised the one who should first reach the shore a slight reward. Nothing loth to try their powers of speed, the two swimmers struck out for the shore with all the swiftness at their command. All this while the shark had been silently nearing his prey, and as they turned for the shore he shot through the waves with increased rapidity. The race for life, unconsciously on the life of the pursued, was now fairly begun. The swimmers strained every nerve in their friendly rivalry, while yet the shark gained rapidly upon them. Our friend in shore, though inwardly tortured with anxiety, still preserved his calm and smiling appearance, as he continued to throw out incentives to increase the speed of his unfortunate friends. They were still a long way from the shore, when one of them showed some signs of fatigue, and was apparently about to relinquish the race. That was a moment of great agony for our friend. Still he preserved his presence of mind, and shouting encouragingly to the tired swimmer, induced him to continue the contest for the victory. On came the shark nearer and nearer, his enormous fins flashing in the sunlight. The swimmers approached the shore; the shark was so near his victims that he turned upon his back to begin the work of death; our friend rushed into the water and dragging his amazed friends upon the bank, pointing to the baffled sea monster, now lashing the waves with his fins. Then the swimmers comprehended the imminent danger from which they had escaped, and one of them fell fainting to the earth. They never forgot the unconscious race with the shark, or that it was to the admirable presence of mind of their friend that they owed their lives.

Bishop Hall said he esteemed a drachm of goodness worth a whole world of greatness.

A Noble-hearted Wrecker.

The Salem (N. J.) Standard relates the following of Capt. Joseph Gaskill, a Jersey shoreman, of whom the Newark Daily Advertiser adds, that "he has assisted on various occasions in rescuing *six hundred* persons and millions of property from shipwrecks without having ever received one cent by way of remuneration."

"Capt. G. is as unassuming as he is brave, and it is with the greatest difficulty he can be induced to enter upon a recital of his adventures, which have been sufficiently numerous, on our wild and desolate shore, to fill a most interesting volume.

"Last April a brig drove ashore near Great Egg Harbor. The night was dark and the storm raged furiously. As usual the fishermen crossed the sound to the beach, but their boats were all too heavy to be carried over, and it was impossible to pass them out the inlet. In the extremity of despair, and while the vessel was momentarily expected to go to pieces, Capt. G. arrived with a diminutive gunning skiff, decked over except a small space, scarcely large enough to seat the rower. The skiff was soon carried across the beach, launched into the surf, and Capt. G., seizing the oars, started directly through the breakers for the brig. Every wave of course submerged the tiny craft, but drenched and half frozen, he finally arrived alongside. The captain and crew were struck with astonishment at the temerity of the bold sailor, and forgetting their own peril, hailed her, "Skiff a-hoy! where are you bound?" Capt. G. received one of the crew from the bowsprit, who sitting with his back to the stern, formed a breakwater, and by this means was safely landed. Notwithstanding the coldness of the weather Capt. G. continued his trips until every man was saved; and sunrise found him struggling for a full hour, on his last trip, with the captain and his dog. The entire

crew would undoubtedly have perished had it not been for the intrepidity of Capt. G. in venturing out in his mere egg-shell skiff. No offer of money would have induced him to perform this noble act, but the knowledge that fellow creatures demanded his assistance appealed to the heart, and commanded the aid of the generous sailor."

Judging Others.

In no way is the depravity of the human heart more clearly seen than in the judgment men form of each other. A single trait often serves to determine the decision upon a man's whole character, especially if that feature happens not to suit the fancy of him who passes judgment. Now this is no more wise than to judge the quality of a tract of land from a single hill-top or ravine which may happen to be a portion of it, and which may bear no proportion to the remainder. There is no heart so generous but has its weakness—none so pure as to be exempt from foibles. Many men have some very weak points in their characters who possess a thousand virtues to counterbalance those defects. When the whole character is prejudiced by a single defect, that "charity which covers a multitude of faults" is thrown away. Often the whole life and conduct of a man—denounced for a single action, does not determine the character of a man. If man contribute once to a benevolent object, and never again, would we be justified in denominating him a benevolent man? A man commits one glaring fault, this abstractly considered, does not prove him to be wicked. It is habit that gives character to the action in this case. From human weakness, the most perfect man is liable to be overcome by temptation and few are so callous as not to feel at some time the appeals made to their benevolence by some object of charity. Hence it is the habit—the series of action that exhibits the conditions of the heart and th

tendency of the prevailing inclination. Then if we see that a man has a weak point in his character, but many virtues, let us be careful not to injure his usefulness, by constantly holding up his defects to the view of others while his virtues are carefully veiled.

"Father, you never told me that before!"

One night in the autumn of 184—, there was great agitation among the inmates of a mansion in one of the Southern States. It was whispered from servant to servant, that their master could not live. In one of the apartments, surrounded by those comforts which wealth affords, and watched by the sleepless eye of a tender and loving wife lay the sick man. He was not far advanced in life, and but two or three years had elapsed since he had left the halls of one of the most venerable institutions of learning in the land. In circumstances that placed him above want, he engaged not in the active duties of the legal profession, but passed his days in social intercourse with the friends of his youth. They looked upon him as a happy man, and dreamed not that he could be a mark, at which the archer Death was about to shoot.

In the wisdom of God, this youth had been stricken with a fever. For days he had been decreasing in strength, and near relatives began to gather in anxiety around the couch. Among others, stood the father. He had been a kind parent, in the worldly sense. He had furnished this, his first-born child and son, with all the money he desired, and encouraged him in all the fashionable dissipation of the day, but neither cared himself, nor taught his son to care, for the God who made them, and gave them everything they possessed. As he listened to the remorseful cries of his death-stricken son, his heart was ready to burst with grief.

With the hope of soothing his departure from this world, he bent over the body of his boy, and said: "*My son! put your trust in God!*" The advice was good, but it came too late. The sufferer, in despair, exclaimed: "*Father, you never told me that before!*" And soon the pulse of life ceased to beat.

It may be that the reader is a father, blessed with sons who are his pride and joy. You have done all in your power to educate them to be respected citizens. You have placed them under the instruction of accountants, that they may be apt business men, or have given them the advantages of a professional education, so that they may compete with the brightest and best of the youth of the land; and so far, you have well done. But this is not giving your sons a complete education. The design of education is to make the most of a man, and is a three-fold process. The body, mind, and heart are all to be trained, to complete an education, in the highest sense of the word. And we therefore ask, have you educated the heart of your son? Have you obeyed the command, "Bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord?" Have you warned them to avoid the wine-cup and the billiard-room? Have you dissuaded them from the horse-race and theatre? Have you ever taken them aside, and told them that there was a God to be trusted and loved? Have you ever thought of training your children for the pure and refined society of another world; for the companionship of angels and the blessed Redeemer? If you have not, you have wronged your children. They have naturally looked to you as a guide, example, and moral instructor. They have supposed that you have educated them in the best way; and when they come to die, and you begin to teach them that which should have commenced in their earliest infancy, you must expect them to utter the despairing cry: "Father! you never told me that before."

The Bible.

This book contains the law of the Most High God. It founds its claims to its Divine origin on the harmony of its facts with the records of universal history; on the moral character of its inspired penmen; on the sublime, yet simple majesty of its style, and the excellence of its doctrines; on the rapidity with which its truths were originally promulgated, under circumstances the most unpromising; and on the evidence of its indisputable miracles.

To the Christian this volume supplies a surer guide than the Israelites enjoyed, in the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night. It unfolds the consoling doctrine and the directing precept, the warning threat and the cheering promise; it exposes our guilt, proclaims our danger and reveals our duty; it condemns to justify, and justifies to condemn no more.

To the dead it speaks life, and to the living it unfolds immortality. It makes the weak strong, and to the strong it increases strength. It invites inquiry, and amply rewards the honest inquirer. It holds up a guiding star through the pilgrimage of life, and extends the horizon of our moral existence into the boundless ocean of a happy immortality.

Discovery in the Arctic Ocean.

Some discoveries have recently been made by the captain of a Sag Harbor whaler, that possess no little interest to the geographer, the naturalist, and in fact the scientific world at large.

Captain Royce for a long time has believed that a new and more profitable whaling ground exists to the north of Behring's Straits, an opinion he formed from reading the voyages of Captain Cook, Clark, Beechy and others. The principal reason which induced him to put away for that ocean was a remark which he recollected to have read in Beechy's voyages, viz: "Off

here we saw a great many black whales, more than I remember ever to have seen, even in Baffin's Bay."

The Captain, describing his voyage says:

I entered the Arctic ocean about the middle of July, and cruised from continent going as high as latitude 70°, and saw whales wherever I went, cutting in my last whale on the 23d of August, and returned through Behring's Straits on the 28th of the same month. On account of powerful currents thick fogs, and near vicinity of land and ice, combined with the imperfection of charts and want of information respecting this region, I found it both difficult and dangerous to get oil, although there are a plenty of whales.

Hereafter, doubtless, many ships will go there, and I think some provisions ought to be made to save the lives of those who go there, should they be cast away—they should not be left to perish among the Indians who inhabit those regions.

During the entire period of his cruise there, no ice was seen, the weather was ordinarily pleasant, so that the men could work in light clothing. In most parts of the ocean there was good anchorage from fourteen to thirty-five fathoms. During a part of the time that the vessel was there she lay at anchor. The first whale was taken at twelve o'clock at night. It was not difficult to whale twenty-four hours, so light was it that at midnight it was easy to read in the cabin. The whales were quite tame, but entirely different from any which Capt. Royce had ever before seen or taken. He took three different species, one of the largest yielding two hundred barrels of oil. The first species much resembled the Greenland whale, yielding about one hundred and seventy barrels; the second was a species called Polar whale, a few of which have been taken on the North-west coast; and the third a small whale peculiar to that ocean. The last three whales which were taken yielded over six hundred barrels.

The American coast has been explored, surveyed and found to be inhabited. Capt. Royce discovered that the Asiatic coast was also peopled by numerous Indian tribes and he expresses the opinion that they are well supplied with valuable furs that could be easily purchased. There are no good charts of the Asiatic coast, unless they are in possession of the Russians.

On entering the straits, seven canoes, containing forty men each, were seen crossing from the American to the Asiatic coast. There are three small islands situated in the passage, hence rendering it easy for the dwellers on the American and Asiatic continents to pass and repass.

Capt. Royce did not hold any communication with the Indians, as his vessel was but partially armed, and in one instance the Indians showed that they were disposed to make him a hostile visit when becalmed, but a favorable breeze springing up soon carried the vessel beyond the region of danger.

The Decoy Ship and the Light-House.

TRUE AND FALSE RELIGIONS.

All the false and deceptive systems of merely human religion have had this one certainty about them—the certainty of destroying all who embrace them, and of perishing at last themselves. New delusions are constantly rising. Old ones are constantly passing away. The priesthood of error taught one falsity yesterday; they teach another to-day—to be followed perhaps by a worse one to-morrow. The man who seeks to put his trust in any of these earthborn religions is tortured and mocked by their uncertainty, their utter want of any thing stable in themselves, or anything to guide and sustain those who embrace them.

Like the treacherous signal-boats that are sometimes stationed by the wreckers off an iron-bound coast, those shifting systems are continually changing their places. Like

them, they attract only to bewilder, and allure only to destroy. The unwary mariner follows them with a trembling uncertainty, and only finds out where he is, when he feels his ill-fated vessel crashing into a thousand fragments on the beach. But how different from these floating delusive systems is that unchanging Gospel of Christ, which stands forth like the towering light-house of Eddystone, with its beacon-blaze streaming out over the midnight sea! The angry waves, through many a long year, have rolled in, thundering against its base. The winds of heaven have warred fiercely around its pinnacle; the rains have dashed against its gleaming lantern! *But there it stands.* It moves not. It trembles not; for it is “founded on a rock.” Year after year, the storm-stricken mariner looks out for its starlike light, as he sweeps in through the British Channel. It is the first object that meets his eye, as he returns on his homeward voyage;—it is the last which he beholds long after his native land has sunk behind the evening wave.

So it is with the unchanging Gospel of Christ. While other systems rise and change, and pass into nothingness, this Gospel, (like its immutable Author) is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. While other false and flashing lights are extinguished, this, the “true light,” *ever* shineth. The Christian goes to his Bible, and finds it always the same. The life-giving doctrines of the Cross which first brought peace to his soul, are still his solace; the precepts of the Divine Law are still his delight. They have never lost their ability to guide him, or their power to console him.

He has seen the hope of the hypocrite perish like the spider’s web; he has seen the man who trusted in some infidel error sinking under the agonies of remorse; he has seen one delusive system fall after another; but the Gospel of his Master yet abideth, the “wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation.” His own riches may have taken to

themselves wings and flown away, but nothing can rob him of that priceless treasure, his gospel-hope.

The friends of his early years have gone down, one by one, "to darkness and the worm," but that Almighty Friend whom the Gospel reveals yet remaineth "closer than a brother." Upon this Gospel his fathers rested their hopes and pillow-ed their dying heads. Upon this he himself means to rest when his heart and flesh fail him; and he trusts that it shall be the precious heritage of his descendants, long after his own corruptible body shall have mouldered into dust.

Hinges all Over.

A converted native of the South Sea Islands was once endeavoring to give an account of the manner in which he persuaded himself that the Bible is the word of God: "When I look at myself," he said, "I find that I have hinges all over my body. I have got hinges to my legs, my jaws, my feet, my hands. If I want to lay hold of any thing, there are hinges to my hands, and even to my fingers, to do it with. If my heart thinks, and I want to make others think with me, I use the hinges to my jaws and they help me to talk. I could neither walk nor sit down, if I had not hinges to my legs and feet. All this is wonderful. None of the strange things that men have brought from England in their big ships is at all to be compared to my body. He who made my body has made all those clever people, who made the strange things which they bring in the ships: and he is God, whom I worship.

"But I should not know much more about him than as a great hinge-maker, if men in their ships had not brought the book which they call the Bible. That tells me of God, who makes the skill and the heart of man likewise. And when I hear how the Bible tells of the old heart with its corruption, and the new heart, and a right spirit, which God alone can create and give, I feel

that his work in my body and his work in my heart fit each other exactly. I am sure, then, that the Bible, which tells me of these things was made by Him who made the hinges to my body. I believe the Bible to be the word of God.

"The men on the other side of the great sea used their skill and their bodies to make ships and to print Bibles. They came in ships and brought iron hoops, knives, nails, hatchets, cloth and needles, which are very good. They also brought rum and whiskey, which are very evil. They moved the hinges of the jaws, and told lies and curses, which are abominable. At last some came and brought the Bible. They used the hinges of their bodies to turn over its leaves and to explain God's blessed word. That was better than iron ware, and stuff for clothing. They were the servants of the living God, and my heart opened to their words as if it had hinges too, like as my mouth opens to take food when I am hungry. And my heart feels satisfied now. It was hungry, God nourished it—it was thirsty, God has refreshed it. Blessed be God who gave his word and sent it across the sea to bring me light and salvation."

Chaplain on the Thames.

EXTRACTS.

Returning to our own port, our readers cannot but be struck with the fearful ravages of the cholera amongst the seamen in the colliers and coasters lying in the river, reported by our missionaries this month. These facts tend to show the necessity of some immediate measures being taken to "heal the waters" of the Thames by otherwise disposing of the soil and filth of the metropolis, which at present are conveyed by all the great sewers direct into its stream. The stench arising from this abomination is unquestionably the cause of much of this disease; but when it is known that the common beverage of the men on board these vessels is this identical water, taken up at flow of

tide from this filthy river, and allowed to stand and settle in the water-casks, it is only surprising that more lives have not been sacrificed, and it will be seen that the attention of Government has been directed to the nuisance by no means earlier than it was imperatively demanded. But there is another evil requiring remedy, and we are glad to find, from the speech recently made in the House of Commons by Mr. Labouchere, that it has not escaped his notice. We refer to the confined, and often miserable accommodation provided for seamen in the fore-castle of their ships. It is not surprising that, predisposed to disease by the nuisances connected with the river, the seamen should fall its ready victims, when their only chamber is this wretched place, where, as in a narrow dungeon, dark and close, and damp, the whole ship's company, excepting always the master and the mate, are huddled up to eat, and drink, and sleep together. We are not prepared to advocate to the full the demand for eight square feet, made by Mr. Labouchere, for each seaman; but, certainly, alteration is demanded, and we trust that it will be liberally conceded by ship-owners in an improved construction or arrangement of their vessels.

In visiting the London and St. Katharine Docks this past month, I have met several pious captains, who have arrived from various foreign ports, as Hobart Town, Culcutta, Hong Kong, Rio Janeiro, Port Adelaide, Leghorn, Riga, Memel, and Cronstadt. From all these places the accounts are most pleasing. In some of them the work of the Lord is prospering on shore, at others the Bethel meetings have been well attended on board the vessels, and many evident tokens of good have appeared. Captain W., of the *L—*, from Singapore, tells me he believes seven of his crew were truly converted during their passage home (136 days). I met five of them the day they were paid off from the ship, clean, healthy, respectable looking men, and now quite conversant with

the Scriptures. When reminding them of the dangers and temptations to which they were exposed, they replied, "We are all safe; our money is in the captain's hands, who will send it to us where we are going. We all go to our homes after a two years' trip to-morrow. God bless you for your good advice," they all replied. Never did I see four finer young men stepping out of a ship.

The Bethel meetings at Cronstadt this year have not been so general as the last on board our British ships, but they have been more frequent on board American ships, where greater numbers have attended than on any former occasions. Some two or three of our friends, the American captains, have, with a few of our British captains, been actively engaged in this good work, and their labors appear to have been blessed by the great Head of the Church.

DANGERS OF THE SEA.—Icebergs of enormous mass are floating southward from the Arctic seas, and are met by ships on the regular packet route to the United States. The *Blonde*, (Crawford,) which arrived at Greenock on Friday, saw one of them on the 5th of September, in longitude W. 49 deg., latitude N. 48 deg., upwards of six hundred feet high, and a mile in length.

THE RAGING CANAL FOREVER to make sailors ready for any emergency. We find the following in the *Cleveland Herald*:

A NAUTICAL EXPLOIT.—Last night a canal boat broke away from her moorings in the river and went out into the Lake. There was but one man aboard, but he having acquired much skill in the perils of the "raging canawl," was equal to the fearful crisis. Of course his poles were not adequate in that depth of water—so quickly splicing the sum total of ropes and tow-lines, he shouldered the cook's stove, brought it on deck, made fast, and cast anchor! This morning he was discovered securely riding at anchor, and was brought into port.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

"So near Home, only to Die!"

There is no influence more powerful than home influence. It may be said that the above is a stale truism, so often uttered and written about, that it is not capable of being treated of in any other than a worn-out garb. I admit that the subject is an old one, but I deny that it is driven for its expression to hypocritical cant. It never can be, so long as thousands leave their homes every year to try their fortune at sea; for the life of each sailor is an instance of the success or the failure of these influences, and the narration of the experience of each sailor would be but a different manner of presenting the same subject. Neither can the subject ever lose its interest as long as our shores witness each year so many parting scenes, and so long as God hears as he does even now, the prayer of mothers in behalf of wandering sons.

It is a noticeable fact that most of the dissipation among sailors, begins at the same time with the decline of interest in home, and the one increase exactly as the other diminishes. A young man after a long voyage reaches his native shores fully intending to revisit his home. He must wait in the seaport till the ship is paid off, and then perhaps some plan for enjoyment is set on foot among his shipmates which he wishes to see carried out. Thus he puts off his visit from day to day, till perhaps he has taken some step or become involved in some course of dissipation which so fills him with shame that he cannot seek his pure home; he ships again, and from that time he takes his place in the well filled ranks of those who have no home.

"Home!" once exclaimed an old sailor. "Home! I have no home. Any good ship that I am aboard of is the only home that I ever expect to have, and as to friends, I lost track of them long ago." He had no home but the sea, and no friends but his shipmates, whose only exhibition of kindness had been perhaps when on liberty they had helped their half-seas-over comrade in his maudlin attempt at navigation. Among the young at sea home influences have great power. Home has not with them as with the old tars, become a matter of ancient history. The recollections of home are still fresh in their minds, and affectionate words of parting still ring in their ears. Their night watches are spent in thinking and conversing of home, and such thoughts and conversations strengthen them more than anything else, to resist temptation, and not only are they thus negatively beneficial in not allowing them to go astray, but they operate powerfully on the mind to prompt to good works and to repentance.

I remember having once seen an instance of the powerful working of these thoughts of home, the results of which warrant any assertion that I have made.

We were on the homeward bound passage from China, after an absence of about sixteen months. We had crossed the line for the last time, and with the wind abeam we were heading for New York and walking up to the Gulf Stream in fine style. The weather was very pleasant and all hands were at work painting ship and getting her into good port trim. The wind was so fresh that no painting could be done over the side, so all hands were at work on deck, and even

they were sometimes annoyed by a slight sea or rather spray which would now and then come over the rail. Some were forward painting the windlass, some painting water casks amidships, some touching the fancy work about the cabin doors, some painting the long boat, and some were scraping and varnishing booms and spars. On the top of the long boat, brush in hand, was stationed a jovial, frolicsome youngster of 17, known on board by the acquired name of Jack Higgins. He was giving the top of the boat a coat of yellow, but he was more intent on watching the mate who was on the weather side mixing some nice paint, and who would now and then get a slight ducking from the spray, than he was about his work. The spray grew more and more troublesome and Higgins more and more full of fun, till at length seeing a wave coming a little larger than the rest, and supposing that the mate would now get a real thorough ducking, he stood up to see the sport. I was on the lee side scraping a spar, and as Jack stood up he winked at me, and pointing to the mate, fairly chuckled with delight as he anticipated for him the wetting. As he expected, the sea did come over and the mate got wet, but Jack did not long enjoy the sport. As the sea struck, the ship rolled to leeward, Jack lost his balance and stepping into the paint slipped and fell from the top of the boat, striking on his back with such force across the spar which I was scraping, that he swooned at my feet. I picked him up and carried him aft to the gratings in front of the cabin doors, where I laid him down and ran to the scuttle-butt for some fresh water. After a short time of painful suspense he partially revived, and the mate took hold of him with me to carry him down into the steerage. As we were bearing him down he groaned in great pain at every step, and in a voice which told of anguish of spirit, as well as of body, he murmured, "It's hard to get so near home and then die ;

so near home and not see it. Oh ! it is hard." The agony of the thought was too much for him and he swooned again in our arms. We laid him in his berth, and by applying the usual means, we again restored him to consciousness.

Day after day he lay in his berth and suffered pain, most excruciating, which was not a little augmented by the motion of the ship. His back was not broken, but it was so severely injured that for some time we hardly dared to hope for his recovery. Day after day and night after night did we stand by his side ready to minister to his wants. Every attention was shown him and every luxury which the ship afforded was at his call. At length he began slowly to recover and by the time that we saw land he was just able to crawl on deck to behold those shores which at one time he had supposed were forever shut out from him.

During his sickness his thoughts and conversation were almost wholly about home. His Bible, a present from his mother, which had been opened but once before during the voyage, now became his constant companion, and as he turned over its leaves and read the passages marked by a mother's hand, his heart was melted and his soul subdued. His mother's teachings and instructions come back with great power to his mind, and he now alone and unassisted sought the way of life, towards which his mother had so often beckoned him, and which he was now enabled to find by the light which long ago she had thrown upon his path. He left home wild, thoughtless and wayward, but he returned with a penitance and contrite heart, and his parents rejoiced in that their son "was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found."

G. P. B.

Asa was sick in the feet only and sought unto the physicians, yet he died. Hezekiah was sick unto death, he sought unto God and lived.

Benevolence of American Churches.

Mr. Leavitt, of the Independent, in replying to an article in a French paper, against the voluntary system, as exemplified in this country, compiles the following very useful and creditable table of the donations to the leading objects of benevolence in this country, during the period of their existence respectively :

<i>Societies.</i>	<i>Formed.</i>	<i>Total Receipts.</i>	<i>Income last year.</i>
American Board of Foreign Missions,	1810	\$5,047,690	\$289,702
" Bible Society,	1816	3,500,000	151,870
" Education Society,	1815	1,142,622	27,301
" Tract Society,	1825	2,462,771	258,300
" Sunday-School Union,	1824	1,878,410	164,024
" Home Mission Society,	1826	1,897,257	145,925
" Seamen's Friend Society	1828	315,344	18,582
Baptist Foreign Missionary Board,	1813	1,183,834	105,526
" Home Missionary Society,	1832	694,442	81,992
" American & Foreign Bible Society,	1837	378,566	39,840
" Publication Society,	1839		25,416
Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society,	1819	1,848,577*	84,045
Presbyterian Board Domestic Missions,	1816	987,607*	81,185
" " Foreign Missions,	1833	960,934	110,081
" " Education,	1819	787,675*	37,104
" " Publication		397,473*	67,413
Episcopal Missionary Society,	1822	942,458	68,716
American Protestant Society,	1843	92,812	26,704
Foreign Evangelical Society,	1839	196,675	24,298
		\$24,669,547	\$1,910,024

* These sums are *estimated* on the best data at hand.

NOTICES TO MARINERS.

HYDROGRAPHIC OFFICE,
Admiralty.

LIGHTS ON THE COAST OF FRANCE.—The French Government has given notice that three new Lights were established on the Coast of France on the 1st of July, namely: One at the entrance of the port of Boulogne, and two others on the Western Coast:

1.—BOULOGNE FIXED RED LIGHT.

On the N. E. Jetty Head, at the entrance of the Port of Boulogne, a fixed and permanent red Light, 46 feet high, will replace the present tide Light and be visible at the distance of four miles.

NOTE.—The two vertical Lights on the S. W. Jetty Head will retain their character of T. de Lights; the upper Light being shown as soon as there are nine feet in the shoalest part of the Channel, and the second Light at the moment of high water. Both of these tide Lights will be extinguished when the depth of the Channel is reduced to nine feet.

2.—KERMORVAN FIXED LIGHT.

A fixed Light on Kermorvan Point, on the Northern side of the entrance to Port Conquet, in lat. 48 21. 43. N. and lon. 4. 46. 13 W. of Greenwich; being 72 feet above the level of the sea, it may be seen at the distance of about 15 miles, and if kept in one with the Light on St. Mathieu Point, it will lead through the Channel du Four.

3.—TOULINGUET FIXED RED LIGHT.

A fixed red Light on Toulinguet Point, to the Westward of Camaret Bay, in lat. 48 16 50 N. lon. 4 37. 40. W. of Greenwich. The Light is 161 feet above the level of the sea, and is visible about four miles.

DISASTERS.

Br. barque *Flora*, of Hull, in a sinking condition, was taken in with 20th Sept. by brig *Alfarita*, at this port, which lay by her all night; next day, two boats belonging to the barque were stove, but all hands succeeded in getting on board the brig in a whale boat.

The barque *Leda*, Ruark, of Baltimore, from Laguna for this port, was abandoned 21st Sept. in the Northern edge of the Gulf.

Sp. brig *San Andreas*, cargo sugar, coffee, &c. bound to Hamburg, was totally lost, morning 19th Sept. between Memory Rock and Sandy Key.

Schr. *Margaret Ann*, of Newburyport, from Richmond for Boston, sprung a leak and was abandoned in the gale of 20th Sept.

Brig *M. C. Draper*, from Chagres, bound to Wara River, and afterward changed her course for Prince Aurulea, was wrecked on a bar on the 1st of September, and became a total loss.

Br. brig *Tiberius*, from St. Johns, N. F. for Sidney, was capsized night 6th Oct; lost foremast, had windlass ripped up, and was partly water-logged. On the 8th, was abandoned by the crew.

Brig *Gypsum*, of Lubec, from Pictou for Bridgeport, Conn. was lost 4th Oct. on a reef, off Big Dover Island, N. S.

Schr. *Clarissa*, Lufkin, of Boston, went ashore on the Weaver Ledge, near Tremont, Me. in the gale of 7th Oct. and became a total loss.

Fishing Schr. *Magnet*, from Bay Chaleur, of and for Newburyport, went ashore morning 7th Oct. at Cape Ann, and bilged.

Br. Schr. *Eleanor Jane*, Hannegan, of and for St. John, N. B. from Provincetown, went ashore on Duxbury Beach 7th Oct.

Brig *Leolah*, of Newcastle, Me. from Philadelphia for Boston, struck on the Round Shoal 13th Oct. and immediately bilged.

Br. brig *Florio*, of Halifax, for Barbadoes, totally dismasted in a gale on 24th September, was spoken 14th Oct. and the crew taken off, by schr. Cabot, at this port, after they had been on the wreck twenty-one days, short of water and provisions.

Star, Allen, from this port for New-York, is sunk in Hatteras Inlet.

Barque *Nancy W. Stevens*, Sletson, of and from this port, with a valuable cargo, bound to New Orleans, ran ashore on Loggerhead Reef, Tortugas, night 11th ult. and bilged.

Packet sloop *June*, from Providence for this port, got ashore between Bullock's and Sabin's Point, where she remained till afternoon, when she took fire, and was totally destroyed.

The Daily Journal of Monday evening, says: The Br. brig *Saint John*, Oliver, of Galway, I. anchored inside Minot's Ridge 6 A. M. Sunday, dragged and struck on Grampus Rocks, or Sea Ledges, 9 A. M. and went to pieces immediately; number of passengers and crew on board, 120, of whom 99 were lost, including the second mate and four of her crew. Those who were saved, came ashore on pieces of the wreck.

Schr. *Sophia D.* total loss. At Hatteras Inlet.

Fr. Brig *Province* has been wrecked on Inagua.

Schr. *Franklin*, Dexter, of and from Norwich 6th inst. for Provincetown, was seen 9th, bottom up, on Pollock Rip.

Schr. *Midas* of and for Gloucester from Sullivan, went ashore at North East Harbor recently, bilged and would probably be lost.

Br. schr. *Minerva*, Smith, of and for Bermuda, from Baltimore, four days out from the Capes, while lying to in a very heavy hurricane 21st ult. wind, S. E. at 6 A. M. was hove down on her beam ends.

Sp. brig "*Cesar*," from Havana bound to France, has been wrecked, not stated where. The captain and crew were taken up at sea by the brig *Selin*, and carried into Kingston, Jam.

Schr. *Lone Star*, from Velasco for Galveston, has been wrecked on the beach near San Luis Island.

The U. S. Steamer *Edith*, McCormick, from San Francisco for Santa Barbara, went ashore on Point San Juan Aug. 28th, and was totally lost.

Schr. *John A. Sutter*, Eddy, from Warren, R. I. for California, was lost in the Straits of Magellan June 26th. She ran ashore on a rock during a snow storm and severe gale.

Barque *M' Lellan*, Chapel, at New London from Davis' Straits, reports the loss of two English ships in the ice in June last, the *Lady Jane* and *Superior*.

Br. brig *Zuleika*, Montgomery, from Buenos Ayres 2d of July, for the Cape of Good Hope, got aground night 24th, off Cape San Antonio, and was, it is stated, completely wrecked.

The Fr. Brig *Providence*, from St. Domingo for Marseilles, was cast away August 10th, on the east end of Henegagua.

On the 19th of August, the French ship *Roland*, Bajoux, was wrecked upon the Creston Rocks, in Mazatlan Harbor. She was lying at anchor bound for San Francisco, when a severe tempest sprung up, and, out of 45 passengers on board, 35 perished.

Br. brig *Woolstington*, from Jamaica for Liverpool, was cast away 19th Aug. on Castle Island, Bahamas.

Br. barque *Susan*, at this port 18th Sept. from Glasgow, reports that close hauled on the wind, at 3 A. M. was run into by Schr. *Latona*, Handy, of Sandwich, from Baltimore for Wareham. The *Latona* carried away both masts and bowsprit, and damaged her hull so much that her crew were compelled to leave her in a sinking condition, and were taken on board the *Susan*.

Ship *George Skiffeld*, of this port from Newport, Wales, in a heavy gale 31st Aug. sprung a leak, which increased so rapidly that the crew were obliged to abandon her 2d Sept.

Brig *Speedwell*, from St. Domingo for Boston, in the gale 18th and 19th Sept. lost both masts, and in running for Nassau, struck on Abaco Cays, and was wrecked.

Brig *Alice Bentley*, (late Dunbar, who died 15th on the wreck) of Columbia, from Georgetown, S. C. for Barbadoes, was capsized 14th Sept. in a hurricane, was fallen in with 18th, and the first officer and five seamen taken off by schr. Barbadoes, at Boston.

Brig *Bride*, from Boston bound to Mobile, was lost in a heavy gale 21st Sept. While lying to under close reefed mainsail, was struck by a sea which threw her on her beam ends. The crew were on the wreck 36 hours, without anything to eat or drink, when they were taken off by Br. brig *Loyal*, at St. Georges, Bermuda, 26th ult.

Schr. *Minerva*, of and for Bath from Boston, in ballast, went ashore about 10 A. M. 13th Sept. near Portland Light, and bilged. It is supposed she will be a total loss.

Brig *Orion*, Wmss, at this port from Charleston, bound to Providence, put in in distress, 19th Sept. experienced a severe gale from N. E.; 23d ult. fell in with the schr. *B. Hunting*, of Boston, capsized; had not long been in that situation.

Schr. *Martha D.* from Plymouth, N. C. for Providence, went ashore at Hatteras Inlet in the gale of 20th Sept. and it is supposed will be lost.

Schr. *Wescastogo*, from Baltimore, was run into by a schooner night 18th Sept. abreast of Sandy Hook, and sunk soon after.

Barque *Rio*, from New-Castle for this port, in the gale 19th and 20th Sept. sprung a leak, and shipped a sea which swept the decks of every thing; on the 20th, was fallen in with, her masts cut away, and seven feet water in her hold, and the captain, crew, &c. taken off by barque Georgia, at Boston.

Ship *Charleston* was consumed by fire 21st Sept. about 155 miles from Charleston Bar.

Br. schr. *Good Intent*, of Barrington, N. S. 20 days from Rum Key, in a sinking condition, having been dismasted in a heavy squall from N. W. same morning, was fallen in with 2d Sept. by brig O. Taft, at Boston, which took off Capt. Kenney and crew.

Br. *Trieste*, Grace, of Harrington, from Wilmington, N. C. for Baltimore, capsized in a gale 19th September and afterwards righted full of water. The captain being sick in his berth at the time is supposed to have been drowned. The crew were taken off by Br. brig *Amity*, from Liverpool.

MISSING VESSEL.

Schr. *Prince William*, Holm, of and for Charleston left St. Helena 17th Sept. and was seen the next day a little to the southward of the Bar, since which time nothing has been heard.

The Sailor's Wife.

A SONG, WRITTEN BY MR. HENRY RUSSELL.

The night is dark, the wind is high—
 And storm-clouds gather in the sky:
 The billows roll upon the shore,
 With tireless rage, and deaf'ning roar!
 The Sailor's Wife in terror wild,
 Clasps to her breast her slumbering child—
 With hurried steps—and form half clad,
 She seeks the watch-tower—lone and sad!

"Hark! 'tis the tempest's stifling breath—
 It warns of danger—stranding—death—
 Ha! see!—the Lightning's blinding flash!
 And hark! Oh, God! the Thunder's crash!
 Awake, my child—for it may be
 Thy father perishes at sea!
 Oh, wake—nor leave me lone and sad,
 Lest these dark thoughts should drive me mad!

"Awake!—yet hark!—that sound again!
 And yet again!—my brain! my brain!
 Yes! 'tis the minute gun!—once more
 Its note comes booming to the shore!
 And now—the Lightnings flash so fast
 I see a ship with shattered mast!
 And now!—Awake!—I'm dark and sad—
 My child!—My child!—I'm going mad!—

"He heeds me not!—but slumbers on;
 And leaves me with my fears alone!
 Alone!—Ha! see! they crowd the deck—
 And—God of Heaven! she strikes! a wreck!

Oh, save him! save him!—on the gale
 Is borne that long and piercing wail,
 As forth she rushes—pale—half clad—
 Still shrieking—"Save him!—I am mad!"

Above the storm's tumultuous din
 That cry resounds along the shore—
 Its wild appeal may mercy win
 When hope's last glimmering spark is o'er—
 Tossed by the billows to and fro—
 Now lost to sight—now high in air
 A speck is seen!—A Boat! and, oh!
 The crew are saved!—and he is there!

The Worth of Life.

"A happy lot must sure be his,
 The lord, not slave of things,
 Who values life by what it is,
 And not by what it brings."

JOHN STERLING.

And happier still his happy lot,
 Who, neither lord nor slave,
 Has valued life for what it brought
 Of bliss beyond the grave.

J. S.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

A Mother's Blessing on her Sailor Son.

Son of my love, farewell! farewell!
 On the wide watery plain
 I yield thee to a life of toil,
 And Him who rules the main.

And by those pure and speechless joys
 When cradled on my breast,
 I met thy waking infant smile,
 Or lulled thy woes to rest,—

By that deep thrill, when first thy lips
 Its lisping utterance tried,
 Or when the evening prayer it breathed
 Thy little bed beside,—

By the strong hope that never dies
 Within a mother's heart,
 I bless thee, wanderer of the deep,
 While tears of anguish start.

What though no gems, or hoarded gold
 To swell thy stores I bring,
 A Parent's blessing maketh strong,
 Like guardian angel's wing.

Yes, thou shalt feel when o'er the wave
 Thy bark by storms is driven,
 A parent's blessing maketh glad,
 Next to the hope of Heaven.

Seek thou that hope, to gird thy soul
 Amid the tossing brine,
 Thy mother's prayer shall meet thee there,
 And intercede with thine.

Oh! seek a Saviour's pardoning grace,
 That so, on land or sea,
 In weal or woe,—in life or death,
 It may be well with thee.

L. H. S.

Anecdote.

Not long ago a tippling set
 Were in carousing conclave met;
 Cider, with rum and sugar mixed,
 Swigg'd till eyes, tongues and limbs were fixed
 That they could scarcely see, or talk,
 Or sit, or stand, and much less walk.
 A sober Quaker happened in,
 And view'd the sad, disgusting scene—
 Then ask'd the landlord brisk to tell
 What liquor made them so unwell.
 "We call it *Sampson*, friend," quoth he;
 Quoth Quaker, "it is strong, I see;
 But I would call it *Pharaoh*,
 For 'twill not let the people go."

VERSIFIER.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1849.

Missionaries' Appeal.

Calcutta is a comparatively old and important missionary station. Much and enduring good has there been accomplished; but the work has often and sadly been retarded by adverse influences from the sea. In a recent appeal to the American Seamen's Friend Society to aid in the prevention and salvation among the seamen in that port, the missionaries say:—"You have witnessed our streets crowded in many places with sailors intoxicated, and conducting themselves in a shameful manner.

"To these 'Christians' do the natives of this country point the finger of scorn and contempt, and to the missionary say: 'See how these Christians live!' So you see sailors are the missionaries of the wicked one."

The same missionaries, in their appeal to the British and Foreign Sailor's Society, use the following language:

"We do not remind you of the pernicious influence exerted on the natives in strengthening their opposition to Christianity, by the too common recklessness of those who are called European Christians, though this consideration is a main reason why missionaries of the cross to the heathen feel called upon to interest themselves on behalf of seamen. The direct argument as to the men themselves possesses strength enough to secure

your interest in any labors which may be undertaken for the salvation of such a port as this. You find your work actually frustrated in many instances, and in danger of being neutralized with respect to all who sail hither. Oh, indeed, they merit your following them with prayerful concern; and were there no society here, the friends of seamen in Britain would be compelled to establish one in self-defence, and for the maintaining of their own work in vigor and prosperity. Now, therefore, that you find us willing to do what we can, we trust to your encouraging and assisting us to advance. These few statements have been made just now to show you that we are in earnest."

"And it shall come to pass," saith the Lord, Zech. viii. : 13, "that as ye were a curse among the heathen, O house of Judah and house of Israel, so will I save you, and ye shall be a blessing."

This subject being introduced for the consideration of the Board of the American Seamen's Friend Society, at their last meeting the following resolutions were adopted, viz:—

Resolved, That in the present state of the finances of the Society the Board cannot consistently make an appropriation for the benefit of seamen in the port of Calcutta.

Resolved, That so important do they regard the work of promoting

the religious improvement of seamen there, and so strong are their sympathies with the missionaries, who are doing what they can in it, they cannot but express the hope that they shall be able to do something efficiently at some future day.

Grog and Flogging in the Navy.

In the last number of the Magazine, we published a letter from Commodore STOCKTON on this subject. Let us now hear Commodore STEWART, one of the oldest and bravest officers in the service. His letter was addressed to BARNABAS BATES, Esq., of this city.

PHILADELPHIA, July 23th, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of your favor of the 22d inst., with the enclosed slip, containing a statement of the flogging on board U. S. ship Independence, on her last cruise. The number of lashes stated to have been inflicted appears to me to be enormous! the amount (45,830) certainly carries with it an amount of depravity in the crew, or one of oppression and cruelty in the commander; wholly unwarrantable. That there is tyranny and officers of cruelty in the service, there can be no doubt, and I think I have pointed out, in my letters on naval subjects, (to Secretary Upshur, some time since,) the primary cause of their existence in the Navy, and how they have been fostered through the recruiting service or the existing system. The experience of the naval service has demonstrated the necessity of some prompt and effective mode of restraining insubordination of the men, and thereby preserve the essential discipline of the naval service.

If this cannot be effected, the wisest policy would be to break up the navy, and save the millions drained from the treasury for its support, extinguish its cruelty and oppression, and put an end to a service so wholly and completely aris-

tocratic that it has not, even under monarchs, its equal in existence. Some portion of blame for this exhibit of severity may be attached to the law governing the naval service; it leaves no discretion in the mode of punishing; many slight irregularities and offences might be punished without the lash, but the law requires whipping to the extent of, or not to exceed 12 lashes. The officers, therefore, by law, are confined to whipping, and cannot punish otherwise, as it would be unlawful, and they liable to prosecution.

I hope the Congress, before they act in either the case of withholding the seamen's allowance of grog, or the lash, will consult with such of the officers on the subject in whom they have confidence, or cause a more suitable code of rules and regulations for the naval service as will govern it more efficiently, and render it more appropriate to the national object for which it is established and supported. I hope Congress, the next session, will advance towards your object of cheap postage; hitherto it has been, from its enormous expense, highly oppressive to the business community. It is time we should be released from the whole support of the post establishment; they have already taken one good step towards it.

I am very much pleased to hear from you, my good friend, and hope you will forward me the copy of the dialogue. Accept the assurances of my high respect and esteem, from your obliged friend,

CHAS. STEWART.

New and Important Chaplaincy.

The empire of Brazil, equal in extent to the United States, is noted for the salubrity of its climate, the fertility of its soil, and the variety and richness of its products and mineral wealth. Its capital, Rio de Janeiro, is the most populous city in South America, and is second to no one in the United States, with the exception of New York and Phila-

delphia. Its commerce, at present large, must be immense, when Protestant enterprises shall have developed the resources of one of the finest countries in the world. The number of arrivals of ships in the port of Rio de Janeiro during 1848, was, from

Foreign Countries, 1,147, with 259,917 tons.
Coastwise, * 2,402, " 214,869 "

Of these, 210 vessels of 54,171 tons were under the American flag.

For some time it has been in contemplation by the Board of the American Seamen's Friend Society to station an able and efficient Chaplain there to promote the spiritual good of seamen; and at a recent meeting, they transferred the Rev. J. Morris Pease to this port, and commissioned the Rev. T. H. Newton of the Princeton Theological Seminary to fill the Chaplaincy thus vacated at St. Thomas in the West Indies.—Both of these chaplains will be shortly at their stations.

* Including 312 steamboats.

Maine Seamen's Union.

It gives us sincere pleasure to welcome to an auxiliary relationship, the Maine Seamen's Union. This Society originated last summer in a deep and increasing conviction, that Maine owes a large amount of unperformed duty to her sea-faring sons, both at home and abroad. For while she has probably furnished more seamen than any other state in the Union, and is the fifth in the tonnage and the number of men employed in her own vessels, she has done very little for their social and religious improvement. About \$150 is all the aid she furnished the American Seamen's Friend Society towards sustaining its foreign Chaplains

last year. This was owing in part to local Bethel objects which claimed the precedence of aid, and stood in the way of the direct agency of the present society. We are happy in knowing that these objects are so nearly completed, that the *whole cause* may now be presented to the people, and receive donations more in correspondence with its magnitude.

The officers of the Union for the current year are, the

REV. ENOCH POND, D. D. President.

Rev. J. W. CHICKERING, Sec. and Treas.

DIRECTORS.

Rev. D. M. Mitchell,	Rev. I. Rogers,
[B. Tappan, D. D.	S. Tenney,
S. H. Hayes,	J. Dodge,
S. C. Fessenden,	E. G. Carpenter,
N. Dole,	J. Perham,
J. A. Douglass,	A. Brown,
G. W. Cressey,	A. Eaton.

It is hoped, (says the Secretary,) that the active interest of the Directors, who will please accept this public notice of their appointment, aided by the zealous co-operation of pastors and other friends of Christ and their fellow-men, will obviate the necessity for any extended agencies; and will pour into this treasury many times the amount given the last year to this important object.

Many pastors find the Seamen's concert an interesting and useful meeting; and a few dollars contributed each month, and hardly felt, would furnish in the aggregate a noble offering. How many churches, or individuals even, might make their pastors life members of the national Society by transmitting to our treasury the small sum of twenty dollars. And it is hoped that our churches, however feeble, or however pressed with calls of this nature, will not let the year

pass without doing something for a class of men of whom 30,000 are furnished from our own cities and villages, and hills and valleys.

And what if there were no seamen in Maine? Are none of our sons and brothers wanderers on the sea; none of the children of our churches liable to need, in an hour of sickness and in a foreign port, the sympathy and prayers of a chaplain, sustained by American Christians? Still, these hundreds of thousands are our countrymen; these millions are our brethren, for whom Christ died.

Fragments Gathered by Little Girls.

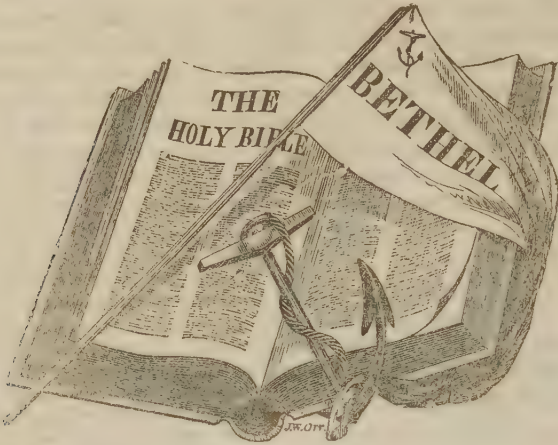
WHITEHALL, August, 1849.

CAPT. RICHARDSON—Dear Sir: We are little girls, and should not dare to write to one so much older and wiser than ourselves, if we had not heard that you are a friend to sailors; and we think if you are so kind to them you will be kind to all their friends, and will be willing to take charge of all the little presents they send them. We live in the country and have seen but few sailors, but we think the picture of the Sailor's Home, in the magazine, is very pretty; and we should like very much to go there and see the sailors in their reading-room and temperance meetings, and see them eating at their long table, with Mr. and Mrs. Richardson trying to make them all so comfortable and happy. We think they must be very useful men, because so many of the nice things we have are brought from foreign countries: and when we wear our nice dresses, and drink tea and coffee, and eat oranges and pine-apples and rais-

sins, and many other good things that are brought across the water, we think we should be very thankful to the sailors for getting them for us. And when we think of the little heathen girls that have never been taught to pray or to love God, or to be very sorry that they have ever sinned against him, and to be very thankful that the Lord Jesus Christ died that they might believe in him and be saved from sin and eternal death, and have no Sabbath-schools and no Bibles, and could not read them if they had, we feel glad the sailors have courage to cross the ocean, storm or no storm, and carry them missionaries and bibles, that those little girls may learn to do right, and love the Saviour and be saved. We think the sailors do much good, and we like them very much, and want to do something to make their home comfortable when they come to New York; and we will be very much obliged to you if you will give them the bed-quilt we send, and ask them not to laugh about its being made of so many sorts and such little pieces, because the Bible says, "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost;" and we thought if we made them into a quilt for the Sailor's Home they would not be lost. Please also to tell them that one of us is eight years and the other six, and, perhaps, they will think after we had learned our lessons we might as well be doing that as anything. We should like to write something to put in the Sailor's Magazine, but we know we are not capable of writing anything that would be interesting. But we should not mind much about that, if we thought we could induce other little girls to work for the sailors, and try to be useful. Please remember us to the sailors, and tell them we wish, when they are sleeping under their new quilt, they may have pleasant dreams. Yours,

With the greatest respect,

A. A. C.—A. J. B.



Inland Waters.

Report of Chauncey Hall, Missionary of the American Bethel Society, at Utica and vicinity, the present season.

Your missionary, in commencing his work, expected a kind and friendly intercourse with those for whom it was his privilege to labor.

From frequent intercourse for many years with sailors on the western lakes, with soldiers at military posts, and men in other and various situations, he had been led to believe that conversation, relating immediately to the subject of salvation by faith in Jesus Christ, may be freely enjoyed with all classes of men, in all the diversified situations in which they are found, with but few exceptions; and that these are rarely met with among sailors or boatmen. The principal cause of solicitude was that such conversations, often from necessity very brief, might be the means of leading these men to reflect on their lost condition, without a Saviour, and seek salvation as it is freely proclaimed by the gospel.

He was aware that many of the men employed on the canal, with their families, had recently come from towns in the vicinity where they had enjoyed religious instruc-

tion, and many of them were members of churches.

It has been his constant aim to become acquainted as far as possible with their sentiments and feelings on the subject of religion, and he has had the satisfaction of meeting many who, he can but believe, were sincere professors, and anxious to do their duty. Some of these were evidently living in the enjoyment of religion. Most of this last class were the wives of captains, who are often accompanied by their families, thus bringing many intelligent and respectable women on the canal. Not unfrequently, however, there are captains who appear decided christians, refrain from travelling on the Sabbath, and appear anxious to do all they can for the present and eternal good of those who are under their immediate influence.

With such it has been an object to encourage them to maintain consistent piety, to let their light shine and endeavor to recommend the religion they profess to those with whom they are associated.

But a larger number have been found who have once thought they enjoyed religion, many of whom are members of churches, who have ceased to maintain religious duties, have no religious enjoyment, and

no hope of salvation while living thus. These have been admonished of their guilt and danger, encouraged to return to God and duty, and seek from the cross of a dying Saviour forgiveness and salvation. Many interesting and affecting interviews have been had with this class. Tracts suited to their condition, and in many cases Testaments and Bibles have been left with them, with the hope that they would be led to the Saviour.

But far the greatest number are those who have been religiously educated, acknowledge the importance of religion, and yet admit that they are unprepared to exchange worlds. The frequent cases of sickness and death by cholera has occasioned more seriousness with this class, and the missionary has often urged it as an important consideration for those who were unprepared to die; he has also endeavored to urge those who have been spared to consider the goodness of God in preserving them, improve the opportunity life and health presents, and prepare to meet their God, whose summons will ere long come to them.

The boys who are employed driving, have shared much of the time and sympathies of your missionary. There is with many of them too fearful evidence of depravity. Many of them have had religious instruction—have pious parents; others are orphans. Many cannot read. They have been frequently visited at the stations, conversation and prayers had with them, Bibles and Tracts furnished them. They have been warned of the downward course of sins, urged to avoid evil practices, and encouraged to maintain a good reputation, have been assured that they were watched with much interest by the benevolent. Hearing a boy using profane language, I went to him, asking him if he would be seen throwing sticks and stones at gentlemen, or striking them as they came within his reach. He appeared surprised, and answered that he would not. I then told him that

travellers on the boat often felt as much pain when they heard boys swear as they would to have sticks or stones thrown at them. This motive has been frequently urged in connection with the truth that God is grieved and will punish such sins.

Correct conduct has been noticed and commended, kind treatment of horses encouraged; boys destitute or afflicted been advised and assisted. Very few cases of suffering or sickness with drivers have been seen. Familiar intercourse with keepers of stations has been sought, and interesting books and tracts given or lent them.

With these various classes more than 30,000 pages of tracts have been distributed, with many copies of the Sabbath Manual, Boatman's Manual and other kindred works, and about twelve dollars' worth of Bibles and Testaments, sold or given.

The sick have been visited, such advice given as circumstances seemed to require, and medical aid obtained when desired. Such persons, when seen or heard from again, express much gratitude for these visits; and, I have no doubt, God has often blessed timely medical aid to the speedy restoration of health.

Much kindness has been manifested by captains of boats when travelling with them, and frequent invitations to travel, free of expense, have been extended. The happy influence of Bethel efforts is frequently acknowledged, and the great external reformation of boatmen universally admitted. Visiting a boat west of Utica, the captain inquired about Deacon Eaton; and when Deacon E. first commenced his labors he (the captain) abused and insulted him; but he had long been ashamed of his conduct. Now, he added, the change is great. The missionary is now almost always well received and the benefits of his labors acknowledged.

When your missionary has travelled on the packet he has been

subjected to but little expense, and been treated with much kindness. When an evening has been thus spent the proposal to have reading of the Word of God and prayer has always been kindly received, and much attention manifested by passengers.

The kindness of Capt. Greenman, of Utica, should be noticed with gratitude, in furnishing letters to your missionary introductory to the captains of packets, and also for furnishing a packet for Bethel meetings on the Sabbath at Utica.

These meetings have been sustained by the pastors of churches in Utica, and have been well attended. There has been much that has appeared encouraging in the large attendance and fixed attention on those occasions; and I think ministers who have preached have felt that it was truly a good work. "No where," said one of the pastors of the city, as he dismissed the assembly at one of their meetings, "no where do I preach the Gospel with more satisfaction than I feel when preaching here." Visiting a boat the next morning, I found the captain just closing a letter. He said he had just been writing to his family expressing the great satisfaction he felt in attending the meeting at the packet. The same morning asked a driver, who was very poorly clad, how he had spent the Sabbath. He said, "I went to the meeting at the packet; I was too ragged to be seen on the dock, but went on the bridge, where I heard every word the minister said."

Seldom has a day been passed without interesting and cheering interviews and the occurrence of opportunities for doing good which were calculated to enliven and sustain the missionary in his work. In many cases, where men seemed indifferent at the time, there has afterwards been evidence that a tract given has been attentively read, or a kind word has been remembered. I at one time found a company of boatmen playing cards by the tow-path, with their money lying before them. Having just induced two

young men who were playing to cease and give their cards, taking a testament in return, I mentioned the fact to them and asked them if such an exchange would not be profitable for them. They would not consent, however, to give up their play. I left them each the tract, "A friendly word with a gamester," requesting them to read it attentively. A few weeks after one of them came to me at Utica, told me he had carefully read the tract and approved of the principles it taught.

On one occasion, as I stepped on a boat at Utica, intending to go to Rome, I was startled at the profanity of the steersman, who was, at that moment, perplexed by some mismanagement of the driver. He was a man apparently about forty. I said to him, "Have you not learned that you get along with these perplexing things much better when you meet them patiently?" He said it was true; and as long as I remained with him his conversation was kind and respectful. I found, also, that he had a pious wife and parents, and was often the subject of deep religious impressions. Many such incidents might be mentioned when men, whose appearance at first seemed forbidding, exhibited much feeling when kindly conversed with.

Travellers, particularly strangers from foreign lands, have, when it was practicable, been assured of the interest felt for them, been supplied with religious reading, and such information and counsel given as their circumstances seemed to require. Many pleasant and, I hope, profitable interviews of this kind have occurred.

Your missionary would add that while he has from day to day felt interested and cheered in his labor, while he felt it is a labor of love, which he believes God will bless, he can but feel that the Bethel missionary will toil under very great discouragement so long as Sabbath desecration prevails as it now does. Will not the Christian, the philanthropist—will not all

who value the hallowed influences of the Sabbath unite to induce our Legislature to extend the blessing of the Sabbath to boatmen, and check the sinful soul-destroying practice of Sabbath-breaking?

The Work in Delightful Progress.

From our Swedish Sailor Missionary.

In the intercourse with seamen, during the last three months, I have met with some interesting instances. One captain, belonging to this place, who has lately been brought to consider the error of his ways, and to apply his heart unto wisdom. He told me "I have been a very wicked person, although I always kept up a decent outward appearance: still I loved sin, and delighted to indulge in it whenever I had an opportunity, so as not to be known by my friends or employers. I hated religion and religious persons as well as the holiness of God and his law. I always thought how foolish some people were, who pretended to religion; because I thought that God could never be so cruel as these people usually represented him; that he would punish sin with eternal misery. But, the Lord was pleased to bring me into deep calamities on account of my wicked principles. The habit of intemperance and mingling with bad company grew upon me very fast, so that it broke down the walls of prudence like a mighty flood. I was soon brought into discredit with my employers, and lost the vessel I commanded. And now, having a family consisting of a sick wife, an aged mother and three small children, who all look up to me, under God, for their support; and who all would be exposed to great suffering in a short time; and this, I considered, was through my sinful conduct. I staid home, as you know, all last winter; and through the reading of the tracts that you gave me, and the bible, as also, through you and other christian people's conversation, my views respecting religion have been changed. I now feel that I am a great sinner, and see also the utility and necessity

of the doctrine of the cross. I now see that there can be no salvation but through Christ Jesus. My only desire is now to be truly converted, "May God have mercy on me a sinner."

He has since that, got into another employ, and is now master of a small coasting vessel.

Another almost similar case of a mate, who also is a man of family, and has lived a very profligate life till of late, or about a year ago, he began to reform, but endeavored to do it in his own strength. This has been the cause of great calamities, as he has reformed, made resolutions, and then has as often fallen deeper. He now appears to be so far humbled as to look for salvation only in the Lord Jesus Christ. Still his mind is not brought into the full enjoyment of the peace of God; but we trust, the Lord will draw him to Christ.

From letters that I receive from seamen that are abroad, I have reason to hope that a few have begun seriously to think on the concerns of eternity.

One of the captains of a Norwegian vessel has been here this season. He is a very pious man, and very active in promoting the Saviour's cause among seamen. He has bought more than fifty copies of Bibles and New Testaments to distribute among seamen and fishermen families at his place. A dear Danish seaman, who some years ago was converted while out at sea, has been among us, and been of great encouragement to us in the cause of God.

Our brethren have been much engaged by going among seamen, especially on Sunday mornings, distributing tracts and conversing with them, and inviting them to our meeting.

But, in a special manner have we been encouraged through the pious and heavenly-minded Captain Wilson, from Portland, and his christian lady, Mrs. Wilson. They visited us, and Captain Wilson spoke in our little meetings on Sundays, to no little encouragement for our dear

friends, who are surrounded continually with enemies. It is impossible for me to tell how greatly I have been revived by the presence and conversation of that servant of our Lord. Would to God we had many such captains. May the Lord bless both Captain and Mrs. Wilson, and may they be made instruments of bringing many sons of the ocean to God. And, oh! may I and my brethren meet them in glory. Amen.

We have agreed amongst our little band, to visit from house to house and occasionally, as circumstances may require, among the poor and vicious of our fellow men, to endeavor to lead souls from the prince of darkness to the light of God. I have upon my list to visit a certain district, and one old man is under deep conviction of sin, whom we often visit, and whom we hope will be brought to believe in Christ, and to realise the peace of God in his soul.

A young seaman was discovered weeping much during the service in one of our meetings. After meeting we conversed with him, and heard from his own statement, that he had been convicted of sin for several years, and he thought once that he had been converted, but had since fallen into sin. We delighted in telling him of the friend of sinners, and endeavored to make plain to him the gospel plan of salvation, praying to God to apply the truth to his heart, and to make it plain by his holy spirit. He visited our meeting once more before he went to sea, and also called at my house, and I supplied him with a testament and some tracts. He appeared to be comforted, and professed to have found peace in believing.

Another, a common laborer also, a young man, is laboring under deep conviction of his sins. He appears to seek the Lord, and as he is directed to Jesus Christ the Saviour of poor sinners, we hope he will also find peace to his soul.

We continue to have our meetings regularly three times on the Lord's day. A prayer meeting in the morning and preaching in my own house

in the forenoon; and at three in the afternoon we have preaching in a room in the Masthuget, this being located in a place where seamen and their families reside. We have also of late began to have somewhat large numbers. Last Sunday afternoon, the room was full, and all were very orderly. And, notwithstanding, some young men felt disposed to make a great noise in the room adjoining; still attention to the word of God seemed not to be disturbed; all listened with deep attention, and some were weeping. How long we shall be allowed this privilege of being unmolested in our meetings, the Lord only knows. But, bless the Lord, we feel resolved to go ahead, and not stop until we are put in such a position as to make it impossible for us to assemble. We also have a sort of lecture on Wednesday evening.

Praise the Lord for his abundant goodness and mercy. Oh, how wonderfully has not the Lord worked a work in our day? If any had told me this a few years back, when I was about despairing of anything being done, I would hardly have believed it.

I must beg pardon for being brief at this time. It is not for want of matters of high interest to the friends of seamen in America. But to tell you the truth, I have had so much to do in my gracious and glorious Master's cause, that I have not had time to keep anything like a regular log this two or three months past. I promise reform in this respect, the Lord willing to spare me.

We have been distributing a great number of tracts, and would have distributed a great many more, but for want of them, the funds of our tract society being about exhausted.

Since last June we have sold 474 copies of the Holy Scriptures in the Swedish and Bavarian languages. May the Lord give abundance of blessings to this seed of light among seamen, is the sincere prayer of the honored Society's most unworthy servant,

FREDERICK NELSON.

ACCOUNT OF MONEYS.

From Oct. 15th to Nov. 15th, 1849.

Directors for Life by the Payment of Fifty Dollars.

Ezra H. Ferry, by Seventh Pres. Ch'h, N. Y. (am't ack'd below)	
Rev. John Humphrey, by Pres. Ch'h, Binghamton, N. Y. (balance)	\$3 00
Rev. Benjamin Van Zandt, by Ref. Dutch Ch'h, Kinderhook, N. Y. (in part)	38 42
Rev. Henry Benedict, by Morris Ketchum, Esq. Westport, Ct.	50 00
Rev. J. Dodge, by Cong'l Soc'y, Waldoboro, Me. (in part)	23 24

Members for Life by the Payment of Twenty Dollars.

Henry Prentice, Brooklyn, by his father, (am't ack'd last month)	
Rev. Julius Field, by friends in Norfolk street Meth. Epis. Ch'h, (balance)	7 00
Chauncey Shaffer, N. Y. (in part)	10 00
William Smith, of Norfolk street Meth. Epis. Ch'h	20 00
Miss Nancy Dearborn, Chelsea, Vt. by Cong'l Soc'y, Waterbury, Vt.	20 00
Mrs. Abby Salisbury, New Haven, Ct.	20 00
Miss Catherine D. Williams, Farmington, Ct. by her mother	20 00
Simeon Hart, by First Cong'l Soc'y, Farmington, Ct.	20 00
Charles C. Wallace, New York, by Francis P. Schoals, (amount previously acknowledged)	
Rev. S. J. Meeker, by Ref. Dutch Ch'h, Bushwick, N. Y.	13 75
Miss Aneline E. Stevens, by Benev. Association, Clinton, Ct.	25 00
Rev. J. Sewall, jr., by Cong'l Soc'y, Castine, Me. (in part)	13 13
Rev. Joshua Banfield, by First Cong'l Soc'y, Dover, N. H.	20 00
Mrs. E. L. Armsby, by Cong'l Soc'y, Chester, N. H.	13 00
Capt. David Wood, Newburyport, Mass., by a Friend at Honolulu.	20 00
Deacon Abram Patch, by Cong'l Soc'y, Wenham, Mass.	21 00
Rev. John Dwight, by Cong'l Soc'y, West Medway, Mass.	20 23
Rev. Wm. M. Thayer, by Cong'l Soc'y, Ashland, Mass.	21 00
Mrs. Rebecca W. Thayer, by do. do.	21 55
Capt. Nath'l Smith, by Ladies' Bethel Soc'y, Newburyport,—amount appropriated for Library for Sailors' Home, Mobile.	20 00

Donations.

First Cong'l Soc'y, Lisbon, Ct.	3 00
A Friend, in Philadelphia, Pa.	5 00
Pres. Church, Bloomfield, N. J.	33 21
A member of Collegiate Church, N. Y.	1 00
Mrs. B. Punderson, Huntington, Ct.	5 00
Seventh Pres Church, N. Y. \$71, (half for Mariners' Church, N. Y.)	35 50
Miss Sarah Finley, Clinton St. M. E. Church, Newark, N. J.	2 00
Mrs. L. Cowles, Kensington, Ct.	6 00
Ref'd Dutch Church, Kingston, Mass.	14 71
Balance from Cong'l Soc'y, Lenox, Mass.	2 00
Dr. Charles Davis, Elizabethtown, N. J.	3 00
Several Friends, in Morristown, N. J.	3 25
M. E. Church, Richmond, Mass.	5 10
Three ladies in Duane St. M. E. Church, N. Y.	3 00
Rev. O. Bartholomew's Cong'n, Augusta, N. Y.	7 00
Cong'l Soc'y, Madison, Ct.	36 59
Samuel Hooker, New Haven, Ct.	1 00
Mt. Carmel Church, Hamden, Ct.	7 59
Mrs. Mary Ann Williams, Lebanon, Ct.	5 00
Ref'd Dutch Church, New Brunswick, N. J.	5 48
Eastern Cong'l Soc'y, N. Y.	7 75
Sabbath School of Center Church, New Haven, Ct.—one quarter's contribution.	35 68
Master John C. Anderson, Williamsburgh, N. Y. (Collected.)	50
Master Sam'l W. Carpenter, Valatie, N. Y.	2 50
Pres. Church. do do	7 20
James Butcher, Patterson, N. J.	1 00
First Cong'l Soc'y, Farmington, Ct. (in addition to \$40 for Life Members.)	40 16
Mrs. Mary B. Day, Catskill, N. Y.	20 00
James Joseph Richards, N. Y.	1 50
Balance from Sec. Pres. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.	10 00
Ladies Soc'y, First Parish, Amherst, Mass.	26 00
Gentlemen's do do do do	23 25
Cong'l Soc'y, Westport, Ct. (in addition to \$50 for L. D.)	33 63
St. James's Ch., Newtown, N. Y.	5 00
Second M. E. Ch., Portland, Me.	5 67
Strafford Conference, N. H.	9 43
Cong'l Soc'y, Durham, N. H.	3 00
Cong'l Soc'y, Dublin, "	10 00
" " Harrisville, "	5 08
" " Derry Village, do	12 22
Essex and Manchester, Mass.	15 44
Dane St. Church, Beverly, Mass.	17 35
Balance from Waltham, Mass.	2 00

Geo. W. Ewen, Kingston, N. Y.	1 00
Cong'l Soc'y, Fairfield, Ct.	20 34
Miss J. Faries, Williamsport, Pa.	1 00

\$941 45

Legacy.

The late Miss Nancy Emery, of Newburyport, Mass.	100 00
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Sailor's Home, N. Y.

Mrs. Henry Benton, Hartford, Ct., 6
pair woollen socks.

Two little girls at Whitehall, N. Y.,
one quilt.

*Acknowledgments for Colored Sailor's
Home, N. Y.*

May 18.—From Mariners' Industrial
Society—17 bed-quilts, 20 pillow-cases,
60 vests, 15 pair pants, 16 jackets and
coats, 6 pair hose, 7 shirts and 1 singlet,
1 pair drawers, 3 thick coats, 13 neck
stocks, 40 cloth and glazed caps.

May 24th.—From Friends in Bath, in
care of Henry Nasson, Esq.—11 pillow-
cases, 2 bed-quilts, 6 sheets, & 1 pr. socks.

From Mrs. Young, of Philadelphia, by
J. Miller McKeon, Esqr. cash, 50c.

Oct 18.—From Mrs. J. Roosevelt, of
N. York city—200 bound and unbound
volumes of Sailor's Companions, for Li-
brary and distribution.

Nov. 1.—From Mrs. Lane, of Candia,
N. H., by Rev. William Murdock—cash,
\$1 00, 2 rollers, 2 bed-quilts, 1 pair
sheets, 4 pillow-cases, 1 vest, 12 bound
books for Library and distribution.

WM. P. POWELL.

*Boston Subscriptions for the Purchase
of a Sailor's Home in Mobile.*

Robert Shaw.	\$25 00
George R. Sampson.	20 00
Wm. Appleton.	25 00
Abbot Lawrence (by Jos. L.)	25 00
Jonathan Phillips.	20 00
P. C. Brooks.	20 00
Wm. Sturgis.	25 00
Phineas Sprague.	10 00
E. Weston & Son.	10 00
B. Bates & Co.	10 00
John R. Dow & Co.	10 00
Wm. F. Parrott.	5 00
Wm. W. Stone.	10 00
John Tappan.	10 00
Cash.	10 00
A Friend.	5 00
E. D. Peters.	5 00
C. T. Bailey.	5 00
A. T. Hall.	5 00
H. C.	5 00
Alphus Hardy.	10 00
W. Ropes.	10 00
Cash.	5 00
J. Field.	5 00
J. Hunnewell.	5 00
G. Winslow.	5 00
H. S. & Co.	5 00
J. C. Proctor.	5 00
Cunningham & Brother.	5 00
H. B. S.	5 00

Chamberlain.	5 00
J. O. Chany.	7 00
In less sums, cash, &c.	85 25
Ladies Bethel Society, Newburyport.	20 00
S W Hale.	10 00
2 Religious Societies at Bellville.	5 00
R. Bailey, Miss Frances B. Barrister, L.	
Lant, and Mary Greenleaf, each \$5 00.	20 00
In small sums.	46 00
Rev. Edward Wight, West Haven, Ct.,	5 00
Collection in Church, N. Y.	13 25
Capt. Geo. Moody.	5 00
Farmington, in small sums.	7 50

Total, \$

Acknowledgment

*of receipts by the American Bethel Soci-
ety, for the quarter ending Oct. 1st.*

THOMAS FARNHAM, Treasurer.

Adams Pres. Ch'h	9 50
" 1st Bap 1st Ch'h	7 00—\$16 50
Albion Pres. Ch'h, by Rev. William N.	
McHarg	31 00
Barrytown Lutheran Ch'h	6 25
Bellville Canada Pres Ch'h, 6 00; Meth.	
Ch'h, 6 50	12 50
Bethany, Pa. Meth. Epis. Ch'h	2 35
Bethel Pres. Ch'h	7 00
Boonville "	12 80
Buffalo 1st Pres. Ch'h, 192 42; North,	
69 51; Lafayette street, 16 29	278 22
Burdett Pres. Ch'h, 21 85; Bap. Ch'h, 4 10	25 95
Camden "	28 00
Cayuga "	9 85
Cape Vincent Pres. Ch'h	8 50
Clayton Meth. and Bap. Ch'hs	10 00
Cato Pres. Ch'h, 16 00; Baptist, 27 35	43 35
Clvde Pres. Ch'h, 7 59; Baptist, 9 48	17 07
Elbridge Pres Ch'h, 6 94; Baptist, 12 00	18 94
Elmira Pres. Ch'h, 32 17; Cong. Ch'h,	
5 00; Bap Ch'h, 4 50	41 67
Farmersville Ref. Dutch Ch'h	16 06
Fredonia Pres. Ch'h	12 67
Hammond "	17 71
Honesdale "	62 08
Kingston Meth. Ch'h	1 27
Lansingburgh, G. Hart, 5; A. Augustus	
Peebles, 5	10 00
Lodi Ref. Dutch Ch'h	15 50
Lowville Pres. Ch'h	7 00
Marcelline "	12 10
Newburgh, John Beverage	5 00
New York, L. D. Cornin	5 00
Oaks Corners Pres. Ch'h	3 13
Oswego, 1st Pres. Ch'h, 79 64; 2d Pres.	
Ch'h, 21 47; Baptist Ch'h, 17	118 11
Ogdensburgh Pres. Ch'h, 44 00; Meth.	
Ch'h, 4 03; Baptist Ch'h, 3	51 03
Ovid Pres. Ch'h, 27 00; Bap. Ch'h, 14 06	41 06
Pulaski Cong. Ch'h	5 00
Rodman "	7 11
Romulus Pres. Ch'h, 20 56; Baptist Ch'h,	
6 27	26 83
Rondout Pres. Ch'h	50 00
Sackett's Harbor, Meth. Epis. Ch'h	3 30
Schenactady, one-half by an anonymous	
friend	10 00
Sennett Pres. Ch'h, 14 19; Bap. Ch'h,	
16 33	30 52
Springport Pres. Ch'h, 10 35; Bap. Ch'h,	
6 68	17 03
Springville Pres. Ch'h, 2 77; Baptist and	
Meth. Ch'hs, 3 55	6 32
Troy, L. Bennet, E. Armstrong, O. F.	
Blunt, Mr. Merriam, 5 each	20 00
Waterford, Dr. J. House	5 00
Watertown, 1st Pres. Ch'h, 62 13; 2d	
Pres. Ch'h, 3	65 13
Westfield Pres. Ch'h	23 00
West Troy, E. Easton	2 00